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SUNDAY
NOVEMBER 1, 1953

I have been trying for days to suppress a cold but ineffectually. It is now raging unchecked and I am cannonading with sneezes.

I left at 11:50 a.m. on the Hendaye Express and arrived at Irun toward eight o'clock. This is a superb, fast train, moving over a smooth roadbed. The Spanish customs examination, though slow, might have been simple if I had not in an excess of caution obtained a letter from the Spanish Embassy in Paris asking that my shotguns be allowed freely to cross the frontier. A Papal Bull would have caused no greater concern. I sat for a half-hour while four worried functionaries scurried back and forth. Finally, with a flourish of seals and stamps I passed on to the train.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
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